New News
FROM
TORY-LAND
AND
Tantivy-Shire.

LONDON,
Printed for *S. Norman*, 1682.

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GReat News from *Whitehall* — Great News from *Samm*'s Coffee-House — Great News from the *Pall-mall* — Run ye Rogues — Run ye Whores — The Rat-Catcher's just going off — *Cancaro* — What an Age do we live in? What! will ye ne're ha done, Gentlemen? Here's — Noise and Din, Clamour and Fury, Raging and Storming, Hoyday! — Here's Thou Fool, and Thou Knave Thou Rogue, and Thou Rascal Thou ly'st, and Thou ly'st — Her go-mad! — *Tantivishire* is all in a flame with Thunder and Lightning — Anathema's and Excommunications! — *Tory-land* is so dismally harrass'd with Tempests and Hurricanes, that a *Dissenter* can hardly keep his Hat upon his Head, or his Cloak upon his Shoulders. — Here are Your *Thompsons*, Your Prologue-makers, and Ballad-makers, Your *Heraclitus*'s, and *Roger*'s, and the Devil and all — Nay, here's Conjuring too, downright Conjuring in the Language of *Trithemius*, *Tory*, *Whigg*, *Fanatick*, *Tantivyman* — Come up here i'the name of *Sandalphon*, and *Adarniel*, *Hautzeviv*, and *Tzautzeviv* — And what's the meaning of all this? For a Company of *Poltrons*, and Paper-wasters, to get money, and disorder the Kingdom. Who would not be the *Danae* of an *Observator* to be courted in Golden Showres, and all to please

the wanton Fancies, or Politick Ends of some sort of People with the Harlotry of his prostituted Pen.

Imprimis Received	*l.*	*s.*	
By a Note into *Lumbard-street*, Guineys	100	00	00
Item, For burlesquing the Popish plot, and the King's Evidence from the Lords in the Tower	050	00	00
Item, For defending the Protestant Faith better than the Sons of the Church can do, from *Cambridge*	250	00	00
Item, More from *Oxford*	200	00	00
Item, More from *Norwich*	170	00	00
Item, More from *Salisbury*	090	00	00
Item, More from *Bristol*	100	00	00
Item, More by Madam *Johannas* yearly Tribute	150	00	00
Summa totalis	960	00	00

Now mingle all this Money well together, and tell me whether any Vintner or Coffee-man, Mercer, Taylor, or Haberdasher, be so quick-sighted in this Town, as to pick out the Popish from the Protestant Money? or if he should, whether any would be so scrupulous, as to refuse it for the sake of the two *Cross Scepters*? But what's the pretence all this while? The fairest in the World, even *Loyalty* it self; which by virtue of a certain *Crimson Charm*, these *State-Pharisees* would so engross to themselves, as if all true Loyalty were confin'd within the Circle of a *Scarlet Stayband*. Had it not been for an *Observator* and an *Heraclitus*, Heav'n knows what had become of the Kingdom ere this. Had not they *stood in the Gap*, and rais'd monstrous Plots, horrid Contrivances, desperate Inventions, and providentially discover'd them, when they had done; had not they Erected vast Bulky

Piles

Piles of *Sarmiſes*, *Leviathan* Bears and Jealouſies all over the Nation, and then pull'd 'em down again, the Land had been overwhelm'd with *Fanaticiſm*, and delug'd with *Liberty* and *Property*. God forbid, Gentlemen, but *Faction* and *Diſloyalty* ſhould be puniſh'd with the utmoſt Rigour of the Law; But for the Loyalty of the greateſt part of the Nation, and moſt conſiderable for Wealth and Trade, to be blaſted and tainted with the venomous breath of *Mercenary* Scandal and Reproach, what is this but the greateſt Diſloyalty i'the World, to unrivet the Affections of the People, and Eloin their Allegiance from their Soveraign? Certainly, were Diſloyalty ſuch a General Crime, it could not be the bleating of a Feeble *Obſervator*, or a *Shatter-brain'd Heraclitus*, that could ſtem the Torrent of Univerſal Reſolution. But to come to the point; if Diſobedience to the King's Law be an Act of Diſloyalty, as no man will preſume to deny, I find none more guilty then theſe *Primroſes* of Loyalty themſelves. For the King's Poſitive Law enjoyns, *That no perſon or perſons ſhall preſume maliciouſly to call or alledge of, or object againſt any other perſon or perſons, any Name or Names, or other words of Reproach any way tending to revive the Memory of the late Differences, or the Occaſions thereof.*

But contrary to this Law, now, put but your Noſe into any Company, What's ſuch a one? A *Whigg*. *G-- dam him.* What's ſuch a one? A *Fan*. *G-- rot him.* What's ſuch a one? A *Tantivy-man*. That's well, *He's one of Us.* What's ſuch a one? A *Tory*. The Devil take me, if I did not think him an honeſt Fellow by his looks. Sbud, theſe *Whigs*, and theſe *Fans*, they have different Faces from other men. Then cries one, *Would they were all at the bottom of the Sea.* Another wiſhes for a Diſcreet Plague, to ſeparate the Sheep from the Goats. Now what is this, but to embroile common Friendſhip

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and humane Society? which once unhing'd, farewel Law, and farewel all Allegiance. Yet upon this foundation the *Observator* rears the Fabrick of all his weekly *Rabble-rabbit*. *Whiggs* he will have, and *Whiggs* he must have, and who can blame him? For, quoth he, no *Whigg*, no *Guinea*.

This King in his Proclamation against vicious, debauched and prophane Persons, dated in the 12*th* Year of his Reign, is pleased to declare his Royal Will and Pleasure to this effect.

There are likewise another sort of men, of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in Taverns, Tipling houses and Debauches, giving no other Evidence of their affection to Us, BUT IN DRINKING OUR HEALTH, and inveighing against all others, who are not of their own dissolute Temper; and who in truth have more DISCREDITED OUR CAUSE, by the License of their Manners and Lives, than they could ever advance it by their Affection or Courage. We hope that they will hereafter become Examples of Sobriety and Virtue. For the more effectual reforming these men who are a Discredit to the Nation, and unto any Cause they pretend to favour and wish well to. We require all Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices, to be vigilant in their Prosecution, &c.

But in contempt of all this, 'tis now, *Damme won't ye drink the Kings Health? Damme* drink it, or I'le throw the Glass in your Face. Now it being certain that Loyalty does not consist in drinking Tavern Healths, it follows then, that the Peek is not between *Loyalty* and *Disloyalty*, but between *Huzzah-Loyalty*, *ranting*, *roaring*, *damning*, *swearing* Loyalty, and *sober*, *serious*, *solid* and *temperate* Loyalty. And that's the Loyalty that will defend the King and Kingdom, though there were not a drop of Claret i'the Nation. His

His Majesty himself was pleased to declare in His Gracious Declaration about *Ecclesiastical Affairs*, p. 5. (and the sayings of Princes are not without a coercive Awe among prudent Persons) *That while he was in* Holland, *he was attended by many grave and learned Ministers from* England, *who were look't upon as the most able and principal Assertors of the Presbyterian Opinions, and to Our great satisfaction and comfort found them persons full of affection to Us, of Zeal for the Church and State, and neither Enemies to Episcopacy or Liturgy, but modestly to desire such alterations in either, as without shaking the Foundations might best allay the present Distempers.*

Sir *Mathew Hales* left them this *Encomium*; *Many of the Presbyterians had merited highly in the business of the Kings Restauration, and at least deserved, that the terms of Conformity should not be made stricter than they were before the War.*

One would think now that the King might be believed. No: if the King don't understand his own business, the *Observator* and *Heraclitus* do: For Mr. *L'Estrange* confidently avers in one of his late *Observators*, that the * *Preshyterians had no hand in bringing in the King*, ('tis a wonder he did not deny his own name, and shift off *Tonge* that way, and so have spar'd his silly *Shammer Shamm'd.*)

* See the King's Speech to the Lords July, 27. 1660. for hastning the Act of Oblivion.

Therefore the *Preshyterians* are *Traitors*, and *Fanatics*, and the Kingdom is to be dispeopl'd with their utter Extirpation. What a loyal *Orlando Furioso* is this, thus to tilt against the publick Declaration and Judgment of the King himself, and the *Oracle* of his Laws. As if he were a *Guide* to the *supream Magistrates* of the Kingdom, as well as the *inferiour Clergy*.

After all this Gentlemen, pray consider Whether they

that

that will not be confin'd to any Laws, Proclamations or Declarations themselves, are proper Persons to vent their Buffonry against the pretended Disloyalty of others.

But what's become of the Popish Plot all this while? Oh! The Triumvirate of *Whigg-hunters* are better employed, than to mouth again at that. *Cerberus* has had a *Sop*, and is engag'd to be quiet; Nay he does as good as confess, he believes nothing of it. For in his *Observator*, N. 92. says *Whigg*, *You alwaies take the pains as much as in you lies to hide the Plot*. To which *Tory* replies, *Not the tenth part upon my faith, as I have done to find it out*. Truly 'twas pity a man should be so be-Gadbury'd in his old Age. Surely never did so wonderful a *Cataract* befilm the Eyes of Mortal Man before. He could find out a *blind Plot* in a *Meal-Tub*, but could not see a Plot that was visible to the whole Nation. However since His Majesty and his two Houses of Parliament had found it out, he might have had so much manners, as to have believ'd his *Prince*, and his Acts of *publick Justice*, as well as the *Lords i'the Tower*. The t'other's a-professt Papist, and he swears there is no *Popish Plot*, upon the Credit of Madam *Boud*, and her Condemn'd-Fellow-Jay-Birds in *Newgate*. An ill requital of delay'd Justice. For such *Tenants at Will*, to feed the *Press* of a *hungry Varlet* with weekly Lies, and Forgeries. The third a Pusillanimous Mortal, that lies snarling at present only against the Evidence, hoping to come in for a snack in the next *Tower Guineas*, when they shall think him to have credit, or wit enough to serve their turn.

And these are the Loyal Persons, that one would have thought might have chosen a Nobler Theme, to have decry'd the reiterated *Perjuries*, *Forgeries*, and *Subornations* of the Papists; to have turn'd their fury against [illegible] Scandalous and publick Vindications of their Treasons

and

and Conſpiracies, to have maintain'd their Soveraigns Honour, and the Juſtice of his Supreme Courts of Judicature, and not to leave both him and them expoſed to the malevolent inferences and impudent inſinuations of his Capital Enemies.

Now what ſays that Backbiter in Ordinary to the Devil, *Heraclits*? E'ne what you pleaſe, 'tis ſuch a pitiful *Wight*, that he is ſcarce worth taking notice of. He may ſerve for ſome Zany to a Mountebank, to *jeſt* off Medicines for the Tooth-ach to the Rabble in *Southwark*. Or elſe couple him with ſome blind Fidler, and ſend 'em together about the Country to go ſnips at *Wakes* and *Hobnayle Weddings*. For, Faith, Wine's ill beſtowed upon him here in *London*, that does not deſerve the weekly *Wages* of a *Peny-poſt-man*, for a Months *Brain-Work*; were he only meer Fool he might deſerve Commiſeration, and the reverſion of a Changelings Place in ſome Country *Alms-Houſe*; but the *Serpenting Mixture* being more predominant, he cannot expect it. However ſome good Friend of his would do well to adviſe him to give off in time, before his ſnuff quite ſtink.

As for Mr. *All-Conceit*. alias Mr. *Steers man of the Henpeckt Fregate*, moſt men are of opinion, he had better have ſtock't his Shop with the *Saints Everlaſting Reſt*, then thus to the ſhame of his Trade, and the publick diſturbance, to run every day Scaperloytering after a Penniworth of Lowſy *Farce*, and the reſtleſs, and Pragmatical Employment of being a *Silly Libeller*, and *Common Accuſer*; an Employment more fit for a Raſcally Informer, or ſome ſuch *Retainer to the Gallows*. An Employment from which, ſuch *Revolters* from their *Subſtantial Livelyhoods*, can in the end expect no other kindneſs, then a Recommendation to the *Under-Beadles* Place i'the Company, or to be *Key-Staff'd* over the water to keep a Coffee-Houſe i'[illegible]

And now what may the world think of these People, that so tamely, and so easily surrender their *belief*, and *admiration* to the Charms of *Quirk* and *Quibble*, or that can be so blind, as not to perceive with what different aims from their Pretensions they drive on their designs, and that so apparently, that there need no more then the *Flashes* of their own fury to discover 'em.

In the first place there is that *Wizard, Gadburies Astrological Jargonrie*, Printed for the *Loyal Company of Stationers* themselves, stuff from the beginning to the end with nothing but lies, and *Popish Vindication*; and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* take any notice of it.

Here are *Castlemains Memento's*, and *Staffords Memoires*, publickly Printed, and Sold by *Protestant Booksellers*, to the dishonour, and scandal of the King and Parliament, and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* take any cognizance of it.

The *Journeymen Prologue and Epilogue-makers* openly deride the Discoveries of Heaven in the Play Houses, and yet neither the *Loyal Observator*, nor the *Loyal Heraclitus* have one word to say.

There is hardly any publick Meeting or Assembly of the People, wherein the bold Emissaries of Pope and Devil do not barefac'd act their parts, and make the *Grand Plot* and *intended Parricide* of Gods anointed, the subject of their merry Sarcasms, and the Theams of their Philistine *Poems*. Popery struts along the Streets openly by Noon-day Sun, and Treason sneers ye in the face, and twits ye with the *effusion* of *Holy Martyrs Blood*.

Can the *Sons of the Church of* England so Passively hear the Reformed Religion abroad, and all its pious Professors derided, and their Reputation blasted by a Vermin of a *Figure-Caster*, and not give one gentle admonition to

their *Great Guide*, to beſtow one caſt of his Office upon ſo infamous an Enormity?

Theſe conſiderations ſhould cauſe a Recoil of over haſty and paſſionate thoughts; which, were they ſeriouſly fixt upon the preſent Confuſions of the Nation, it is impoſſible that the Libels, the Rimes, the Ballads, the Pamphlets, that at ſuch an unfortunate Conjuncture overflow the Nation, and ſpit their quotidian Venome againſt the Diſſenters, ſo numerous a Body of the Kings Liege People, and ſo deeply engaged by all the ties of common Intereſt, to oppoſe, and with all their might withſtand the Enemies of their Prince and Soveraign, Defender of their Faith, as their own and the Capital Enemies of the Kingdoms Quiet, ſhould ever be imagined to be the inventions of Loyalty, or that the Owners and Contrivers ſhould be guilty but of ſo much Allegiance, as will outweigh a *Muſtard Seed*, let their pretences be never ſo zealous or high-flown. The *Romiſh Policy* keeps to no *Maxim* of Chriſt ſo cloſe, as to that of a *Divided Houſe cannot ſtand*; Nor have the Roman Pontiffs ſtudied the Arts of National diſturbance ſo long, but that they well know, that the *Proteſtant Intereſt* in *England* is not to be deſtroyed but by Self-deſtruction, which they who under pretence of *Loyalty* make it their buſineſs to farther advance, it were to be wiſh'd they would keep their *Loyalty* to themſelves, or practiſe it in ſome other Country under ſome more undeſerving Prince.

FINIS.